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THE ART OF LIVING in LONDON:

A POEM,

In TWO CANTOS.

———————*Hoc eſt,*
Vivere bis, Vitâ poſſe, priore frui.

MARTIAL.

LONDON:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

WHEN we are every day aſſuming new modes of refinement, an Author runs no ſmall riſque of cenſure, who ſtrays from what is called *the circle of taſte*;---Theſe refiners in delicacy would do well, however, to conſider, that humour and inſtruction ſhould be univerſal, and that as the humbler walks of life require much culture, ſo they likewiſe expreſs much character, and therefore ſhould not be precluded the notice of thoſe writers who would wiſh to imitate nature.

The familiarity of ſome of the following deſcriptions, perhaps, may be imagined to ſavour too much of the *mean*; but when the ſubject, and the rank of life it is particularly addreſſed to, are properly conſidered, I flatter myſelf it will be thought otherwiſe. Swift's *Directions to Servants*, and Gay's *Art of walking the Streets of London*, notwithſtanding the choice of their matter, have never failed to produce entertainment to all thoſe who have the leaſt reliſh for pictureſque diction---When I mention Mr. Gay, the reader will readily perceive, that it was from his *Trivia* I took the firſt hint of this Poem; but as to the *materials*, I ſtand equally excuſable, as from the manner and ſpirit of his writing.

THE ART of LIVING IN LONDON.

IN ſuch a writing age where crowds conſpire
With eager haſte to catch poetic fire;
Where every anecdote of modern time,
Breaks out in *novel*, or is ſung in rhyme;
Where all unite---the ſprightly, and the ſage,
To pleaſe the fickly palate of the age,
How hard his taſk, who does not fear to tell,
He means inſtruction, more than writing well?
Still, if his vary'd leſſons can impart
One uſeful caution to a guardleſs heart;
If thoſe, whom few paternal acres bleſs,
Be tutor'd not to make their little leſs;
If, pointing out an œconomic view,
He makes the thoughtleſs different ſteps purſue;
If, in this town, where Folly holds her reign,
He ſaves but *one* of all her giddy train,

Th' effects are anſwer'd of theſe frugal lays:
He wants---nor aſks---no other kind of praiſe.
Come then, advent'rous pupil, let's along,
This gay, this buſy---ſtrangely mottl'd throng;
Where crowds, like waves, in quick ſucceſſion riſe,
T' engage our thoughts, or entertain our eyes;
From their miſtakes let's learn to form the mind,
And glean this uſeful point---TO KNOW MANKIND.
Suppoſe we call on PRUDENCE, as we paſs,
That decent, ſober, chearful looking laſs?
She'll point, preciſely, to the lighter ſcale,
And ſet us right when both our judgments fail.
Near that fam'd *bar*, which bounds the City's claim,
And from the neighbouring *Temple* takes its name,
(That guardian dome from whence Britannia draws,
The numerous champions of her ſacred laws)
Here may you lodge---This intermediate ſtand,
The eaſt, and weſtern end, at once command.
What tho' it gives no variegated views,
Oft will it ſave your coach-hire, and your ſhoes,
Abridge the walk wherever you reſort,
Or to the City end, or to the Court.
Let thoughtleſs pride fix her genteel abode,
At ſome expenſive hotel a la mode,
Where the ſtuff'd chair, and downy couch unite
The lazy arts of indolent delight;
Deſpiſe not thou the chamber ſtoried high---
Ev'n, tho' the laſt that verges to the ſky?
A firſt floor's often but an empty name,
Leſs for convenience taken than for fame.
Nay, never ſtart at the ſuppos'd diſgrace;
Poets themſelves have dignify'd the place;

And

And from this higher ſtation learn'd to ſcan
The various foibles of imperfect man.
When dreams are firſt diſturb'd by morning cries,
Learn from thoſe notes the proper time to riſe;
How often does prolong'd repoſe impart
Diſorders fixt, beyond the reach of art?
Aſk gout the cauſe, why ſwells each throbbing vein?
Why ev'ry joint is agoniz'd with pain?
Aſk poverty, what keeps her children poor?
Aſk gloomy ſpleen, why ſhe admits no cure?
" 'Tis too much ſleep"---(tho' we the cauſe miſcall)
Is the reply---the juſt reply of all.
Leave to the loiterer his ſimp'ring tea,
Nor idly buſy thus conſume the day;
Ere bread, and butter, water, cream, and fire,
(With all the long attendance they require)
Can be prepar'd---the uſeful morning's loſt,
And ev'ry diſh we drink at treble coſt.
Taught from the picture let us turn aſide,
And know the breakfaſt Prudence would provide.
She recommends---(and let her voice be heard)
That ſomething much more ſimple be preferr'd,
As milk, or water-gruel---wholeſome meal!
Theſe pall no ſtomach---theſe no time will ſteal!
Tho' ſome are advocates for well dreſt hair,
Let no ſuch *etiquette* deſerve your care;
Act from yourſelf as much as in your pow'r,
Nor dance attendance to another's hour.
For ſhame, ſhall Britain's manly ſons accede
To every flimſy faſhion France has made?
Shall we, like her, the head's exterior part
Adorn with all the fripperies of art,

Yet

Yet leave the inſide deſolate and waſte?
Reproachful ſcandal to all letter'd taſte!
Above ſuch imitative airs do you
More on yourſelf depend, and wear a *queue*;
Hence to a moment, you your time command,
Nor need the fiat of a *frizeur*'s hand.
Alike avoid the miſer's narrow care,
Which robs the ſhoe-black of his early fare;
Periſh the thought ſo niggard and ſo mean,
The Muſe rejects it with a juſt diſdain.
No---let ſome ſon of Fleet-ſtreet, or the Strand,
Some ſooty ſon, with implements at hand,
Who hourly watches with no other view,
Than to repoliſh the beſpatter'd ſhoe,
Earn by his labour the offenſive gains;
Nor grudge the trifle that rewards his pains.
If buſineſs now ſhould leave the morn your own,
Ne'er waſte it ſaunt'ring round this crouded town,
Haunting each coffee-houſe, and public place,
As if you meant to advertiſe your face.
This is the time when memory receives
The warmeſt copies which inſtruction leaves;
Attention too performs a double part,
And acts unclouded on the head and heart.
Hence let ſome Author more your time engage;
Where turning o'er th' improving, moral page,
You add ſuch ſtores of knowledge to your mind,
As teach you how to eſtimate mankind.
With Maro, warble in the beachen ſhade,
And feel the breeze, and hear the ſweet caſcade.
From Newton catch the philoſophic ray,
And ſoar with him along the ſtarry way.

Now laugh with Swift, or moralize with Steele,
Or from chaſte Addiſon be taught to feel:
Or learn from Pope, as he melodious ſings,
To ſcorn the vulgar great, and pity Kings.
If aught can make diſtinctions here below,
It ſurely ſhould depend on what we KNOW.
Yet tho' the mind our chief attention ſhare,
The bod'ys *wants* demand an equal care:
Let ſtoic pride in lofty numbers treat
How theſe are made, yet all will want to *eat*;
And they, themſelves, diſſemble what they can,
In this reſpect will dwindle into man.
But tho' in this diffuſive town you meet
So many ord'naries in every ſtreet,
(For, oh! of dining what unnumber'd ſtyles,
Centre between Almac's, and Broad St. Giles!)
Yet amidſt theſe---how difficult to tell,
Where frugal men may live, and yet live well!
Behind that pile * where Albion's ſons reſort,
And pay to Commerce every day their court;
Who, like a gracious Princeſs, ne'er denies
To grant to induſtry the due ſupplies,
There ſtands a ſteak-houſe of diſtinguiſh'd fame,
The ſtreet *Threadneedle--Leadbetter's* the name;
Whoſe jolly landlord, from his ruddy face,
Proclaims the general plenty of the place.
If e'er beef-ſteaks, dreſt to a ſingle point,
Cut with propriety from every joint,
With all the apparatus they require,
Of conſtant turning, and an equal fire,

* Royal Exchange.

The gravy weeping from each op'ning vein,
And ſtreaks of fat, oppoſing ſtreaks of lean,
Could ever pleaſure Aldermanic ſkill,
Here let it revel, and enjoy its fill.

With different talents different men are bleſt,
As they of different fortunes are poſſeſt;
Some men are form'd to turn the letter'd page,
To charm, refine, or ſatyrize the age;
Others remain inactive—ſave to tell
The modes of dreſs, or arts of *bagatelle*:
But thou wert born, O *Leadbetter!* to feaſt,
By thy peculiar art, the man of taſte;
And all thy genius, all thy ſort of mind,
Were to this point, this ſingle point confin'd,
Ev'n now, perhaps APPICIUS ſighs below,
He had not liv'd *Threadneedle-ſtreet* to know.

But tho' beef-ſteaks and York, or Burton ale,
Might ev'n the fire of gods, and men regale,
Could Jove with dignity Olympus quit
And deign t' aſſociate with a modern cit,
Without variety—beef-ſteaks will cloy,
As every repetition palls our joy.
To change the ſcene, and all her arts diſplay,
The Muſe through Biſhopſgate directs her way:
Stops at the *Bull*, and warmly recommends
This frugal houſe to all her frugal friends,
Where every day, with decency you dine,
On two good diſhes, and a pint of wine.

And here one caution let me recommend;
Aſſume your ſtation at the upper end----
This the broad mat will previouſly declare,
(This ſure prognoſtic of our daily fare.)

Hence e'er the pudding ſidles thro' the rows
Of its determin'd, and inveterate foes,
Where at each ſtab, each neighbour ſeems to feel,
As if his boſom had receiv'd the ſteel;
Or when thy favourite joint looks rather ſmall,
And fears inform thee 'tis not proof to all,
With eaſy freedom you your plate can pile
And ſee their diſſolution with a ſmile.
Nor is it needful you aſſume this ſeat
One moment ſooner than prepar'd to eat,
Th' inverted plate ſhall mark the place you ſit;
For ſo the laws of ord'naries admit.

Still as we preſs along the eaſtern road,
White-chapel ſhews us *Kenton*'s known abode;
Where if good eating and *beſt* porter can
Excite our praiſe to chronicle the man;
His celebrated name bids fair to ſtand,
Whilſt Engliſh liquor's quaff'd on Engliſh land.
Nor London ſingly can his porter boaſt,
Alike 'tis fam'd on every foreign coaſt,
For this the Frenchman leaves his Bourdeaux wine,
And pours libations at our Thames's ſhrine.
Afric retails it 'mongſt her ſwarthy ſons,
And haughty Spain procures it for her Dons.
Wherever Britain's powerful flag has flown,
Alike the celebrated *Kenton*'s known.

Let's change now crouded ſtreets, and city air,
For the leſs buſy walks, and opening ſquare;
Thoſe weſtern walks---where not an art's untry'd,
To ſacrifice to vanity and pride;
Where *Wildman*'s, *Stacy*'s, *Tomkin*'s powerful ſkill,
The ſeaſon's turn obedient to their will.

But

But we whom Fortune, from her niggard gift,
Hath early forc'd upon a life of thrift,
Should more attentive fly from ſuch parade,
Nor aſk the wants which luxury has made.
Facing that ſtreet * where Venus holds her reign,
And *Pleaſure*'s daughters, drag a life of *pain*;
There the *Spread-eagle*, with majeſtic grace,
Shews his broad wings, and notifies the place.
Unerring Prudence, as I weſtward ſtray,
Let thy inſtructions point me out this way,
Freed, or from diſſipation, or from riot,
Here let me dine in plenty and in quiet;
Where with variety the table's ſtor'd,
And peace and *politeſſe* preſide the board.
As I unbend, and in the ſocial glaſs,
Scarcely perceive the ſtealing minutes paſs;
When I behold ſuch freedom, and ſuch eaſe,
With ſuch a joint deſire in all to pleaſe,
Domeſtic pleaſures crowd upon my brain,
And for a while I think, but think in vain---
Illuſive thought! Why thus my peace deſtroy,
And mock with tempting what I can't enjoy?
But can I unregarded thus paſs o'er,
And not the cauſe that forwards this explore;
Shall I not tell that from the *miſtreſs* ſprings,
This happy order—*Etiquette* of things.
Who can be rude beneath that modeſt eye?
Or who ill-bred when ſhe is ſitting by?
From her example all are taught to know,
The pleaſing laws that from good manners flow.

* Catherine-ſtreet in the Strand.

When

When buſineſs---or when pleaſure interferes,
(For each has its appointments, and its cares)
Oft for convenience would we wiſh to chuſe
Some houſe adapted for the preſent uſe;
Where, diſencumber'd of all form, or ſhew,
We to a moment might, or ſit, or go;
Eat what the palate recommends as beſt,
Yet not conſider'd as an uſeleſs gueſt.
Attentive Prudence, who alike purveys
Both for diſpatch, and for the hour of eaſe,
Points to the Dog *, where, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe,
We're ſerv'd with decency at ſmall expence.

Here too the waiter ne'er direct your choice,
(Abſorb'd in hurry, and promiſcuous noiſe)
How ſhall he know, with what diſtinction trace,
The ſeveral orders of each different face?
Let as you paſs the larder catch your eye,
And from this ſtore your appetite ſupply;
Hence ſhall the *Maſter* know your bill of fare,
And hence ſhall haſte remunerate your care.
Through life, my pupil, let this maxim teach,
(And uſe it always when within your reach;)
Or in your friend's concern, or in your own,
Addreſs the principal, and *him* alone.

Yet in this place tho' thrift precede the way,
If guarded not we may be led aſtray;
For, oh! how oft the appetite is try'd,
When early vegetables firſt are cry'd!
Rang'd round the bar, in verdant groupes they lie,
As tempting baits to catch the paſſing eye;

* The Dog in Holywell-ſtreet.

Here melons, peas, and cucumbers appear,
And all the forward produce of the year;
But theſe avoid---elſe, by magnific ſkill,
They'll ſtand againſt you in th' approaching bill.
Say---when th' inconſtant ſtomach's not in tune
To celebrate her uſual meal at noon,
Caught from, perhaps, tranſgreſſing ſober laws,
Or riſing late, or ſome ſuch trivial cauſe,
(For oft ev'n phyſic's at a loſs to name
The nicer incidents that hurt our frame)
Why then ſhould cuſtom generate expence,
Or treſpaſs on th' eſtabliſh'd laws of ſenſe?
Let a good ſoup, theſe days, your dinner be;
Your health 'twill ſerve---'twill ſerve frugality,
And a mere trifle furniſh ſuch a meal,
As luxury, with all her art, muſt fail.
Here reſt a while, nor indiſcreetly ſtray
Where *Giles*'s ruins mark the broaden'd way;
Where, for what end, moſt obviouſly appears,
The knives are chain'd, and ladder forms the ſtairs;
Or to *Moorfields*, where wretched paupers ply
Round clothleſs tables in an open ſky.
Do thou no more than what is uſeful glean,
Nor ſearch the foul receſſes of the mean;
Nor ideot like unwittingly proceed,
T' inſtruct in metre thoſe who cannot read:
Enough, already, has thy pen deſcrib'd
Of what's conſiſtent with an honeſt pride;
Be ſuch ſufficient for thy ſons to chuſe,
Nor riſque the cenſure of an ill-bred muſe.

CANTO II.

EPerienc'd grown, nor ſubject now to change,
Again, my pupil, let's together range,
From all the vices of the evening fly,
Nor once turn on them with a wiſhful eye.
Let Bibo ev'ry joy in drinking place,
And Ranger wanton in the lewd embrace;
Here not a gleam of real pleaſure's found;
Languor, and pain, theſe levities ſurround.
Let us, more happy, more ſecurely ſtray
Where faultleſs Prudence points us out the way,
Who at ſome coffee-houſe, now, feeds her mind,
In reading prints---or ſtudying human kind.
Here, o'er our evening's lemonade or tea,
We glean the little novel of the day,
Know from the preſs what ſchemes the world engage,
(By turns a wiſe, and diſſipated age)
The politician's plans, the ſharper's cheat,
And all the buſtling of the ſmall and great.
Hail, happy country! that can thus diſcloſe
Thy inmoſt ſecrets to thy deadli'ſt foes;
Yet ſtill ſecure thy varied joys purſue,
Nor fear what all thoſe deadli'ſt foes can do.

But if 'tis ſummer, and the ev'ning fair,
Miſs not th' advantage of the fragrant air;
The different outlets all invite thy choice,
Where Nature calls thee with reſiſtleſs voice:
Chelſea, whoſe hoſpital ſpeaks Britain's praiſe;
And pleaſant Knightſbridge, garriſon of *Bayes*;
Or Kenſington, whoſe royal gardens claim
A taſte magnific as their founder's * name;
Or Bagnigge, famous for its motley crew
Of ſprightly damſel---pleaſurable Jew;
Or that once celebrated, ſmall retreat
Where Cromwell † liv'd, tyrannically great;
Oh! ſad reverſe of ſublunary things,
This houſe, which once contain'd the dread of kings;
Who made three mighty realms with awe obey,
Now ſells (inglorious change!)---a diſh of tea.
Here, leaving City ſmoke and noiſe behind,
At eaſe indulge the wand'rings of the mind
With verdant proſpects, as they round you lie,
Or warm your heart, or entertain your eye;
For boundleſs Nature, never at a ſtand,
Scatters her bleſſings with an equal hand;
The peaſant ſhares them, while he tills the ſoil,
The Cit partakes them in receſs from toil.
'Tis night---the dep'ning ſhadows intervene,
And all things indicate a ſable ſcene.
Now drunken coachmen, free from ev'ry care,
Nod on their boxes, and neglect their fare;
(Ah! thoughtleſs herd---why will you not refrain,
Nor let the frequent dram preclude your gain?)

* King William III. † Cromwell's Gardens.

The

The hapleſs houſewife, and the antique maid
Join now to ſeek the fortune-teller's aid;
Their lofty garrets Drury's nymphs forſake;
Down the dark alley pants the batter'd rake:
The drowſy watchman hobbles to his ſtand,
Prepar'd to free the thief who gilds his hand.
Enſtrang'd from every ſpark of true delight,
Now gameſters meet to celebrate the night;
Not in that chearful, and convivial ſtyle,
Where every ſprightly face aſſumes a ſmile;
Where the loud laugh, and merry tale go round,
And nought but peace, and innocence are found:
Far other thoughts their rankling minds employ;
Rapine, and diſſipation form their joy.
Oh! that the Muſe, (if wiſhing were of uſe)
Could to one man this prowling band reduce;
Then place the ſword of juſtice in her hand,
That at one blow ſhe might relieve the land;
That at one blow ſhe might her vengeance find,
In rooting out thoſe robbers of mankind.
I know that many, from their means being ſmall,
Each mode will practiſe---ſometimes riſque their all;
Hoping that Fortune, at ſome lucky caſt,
Ceaſing to perſecute, will ſmile at laſt.
But, very vain theſe hopes---the gambling tribe,
Conſcious, connected ſhare the golden bribe;
Win, flatter, loſe, juſt as they find it beſt,
And of your ſufferings only make a jeſt.
Before a glaſs, as diffident to win,
Sometimes they ſtrive to chuck a ſhilling in;
Oft from the circling edges will it fly,
(Its fate appearing doubtful as the dye,)

Till one, untaught, unpractis'd in the rule
Which ſharpers hourly uſe to gull the fool;
A bet propoſes---inſtantly it bounds,
And the pent ſilver in the glaſs reſounds.
The better ſort---(I mean the affluent tribe,
For how can *good*, a gambler's name deſcribe?)
At various hazzard, games will often ply,
Where all ſeems equal under Chance's eye;
Yet, here the ſhuffle, and the cog's diſplay'd,
And all the myſteries of Jonas' * trade;
Here unreveal'd to all but ſharpers eyes,
They rob, they plunder, under friendſhip's guiſe.
Such are the baits with which theſe anglers play,
And ſuch the genius of the gambling way,
With many more, as vicious as they're low,
" Which the Muſe knows not, nor would wiſh to know:"
For where's that vice, how whimſically new,
Theſe wretches don't unceaſingly purſue?
Or where's that habit innocence can lend,
But they aſſume to ſerve ſome private end?
Enough, my Muſe, of the abandon'd theme,
Nor further on their villainies declaim;
Sick of ſuch views---let's juſt their fate explore,
Then aſk who'd be this hateful monſter more?
Look through their hapleſs lives from firſt to end,
Where is the gameſter ever was a friend?
Where the good huſband, or the parent made?
Their hearts grow callous, from their wretch'd trade;
Dead to all finer feelings of the mind,
They have no feelings, but to fleece mankind;

* Jonas the jugler.

Strangers

Strangers to peace, to happineſs, and quiet,
They know no joys, but infamy, and riot.
As through the ſtreets, oh! Virtue, as I go,
Shield me from one that's equally my foe;
Who cap-a-pee, like Hamlet's ghoſt now ſtalks,
And makes "night hideous"—by her nightly walks.
How can the muſe without a ſigh proclaim,
And tell that woman is this monſter's name;
Woman, man's chiefeſt good, by Heaven deſign'd
To glad the heart, and humanize the mind;
To ſooth each angry care, abate each ſtrife,
And lull the paſſions as we walk through life:
But fallen from ſuch a height, ſo very low,
She now has nothing but her form to ſhow;
A ſcandal to that ſex ſhe was before;
Each grace polluted by the name of W—e.
How ſhall I ſpeak of all the various arts
She nightly uſes to entrap our hearts?
How ſhall I paint the looſe, familiar airs,
Affected ſpeeches, and immodeſt leers
Of all theſe midnight daughters as they ſtand,
In ſhameleſs groupes, along the lengthen'd Strand?
Loſt to all thought---remote from every ſenſe
Of female decency, or innocence;
Diſrob'd of all reſtraint, or modeſt port,
Here PROSTITUTION holds her public court.
With flaunting ſtrides, and affectation's eye,
Behold theſe ſycophants in love paſs by;
(Ah, how unlike that modeſt, gentle air,
The true criterion of the virtuous fair!)
In well-feign'd accents, now they hail the ear,
"My life, my love, my charmer, or, my dear."

As if theſe ſounds, theſe joyleſs ſounds, could prove
The ſmalleſt particle of genuine love.
O! purchas'd love, retail'd through all the town,
Where each may ſhare, on paying half a crown;
Where every air of tenderneſs is art,
And not one word, the language of the heart;
Where all this mockery of Cupid's reign,
Ends in remorſe, in wretchedneſs, and pain.
For ſhame Police, at ſuch a dangerous time,
Where is *your* rod to caſtigate this crime?
Shall Britain, fam'd for excellence of laws,
The firſt to plead in every injur'd cauſe;
Who deals out juſtice, with a hand ſo even,
She ſeems the favourite delegate of Heaven;
Say---ſhall this ſpot thus derogate her fame,
And throw ſo foul a blemiſh on her name?
Arm, arm, ye Miniſters of juſtice, arm!
And ſave Britannia's youth from ſo much harm:
Save, ſave, her Virgins too, from ſuch a life,
And change the epithet of W---e, for Wife.
Let that dear name, ſynonimous with joy,
Which Heaven, alone, beſtow'd without alloy;
No more be made of ridicule the ſtroke,
Or food for ſatyr, or a blockhead's joke.
Uſe not that futile argument oft urg'd,
"The vice has grown ſo great, it can't be purg'd;"
And thence remiſsly ev'ry rein let looſe,
Form'd to repel ſo flagrant an abuſe.
The muſe, indeed, in ſuch a thoughtleſs age,
Where Proſtitution ſeems *reſerv'd* to rage,
With candour owns to weed it from the land,
Requires, perhaps, a more than mortal hand.

But ſhall the malady that can't be cur'd,
No lenitives receive to be endur'd?
Say---ſhall this baneful Hydra of the night,
Raiſe every hour its head before our ſight?
Muſt it ſtalk, *publickly*, along each place?
Shame to all order! ſcandal to all grace!
No---ſince ye can't with every art o'erthrow,
Nor *wholly* cruſh this epidemic foe;
Diſmiſs it inſtant to ſome ſingle ſtreet *,
Where it can ne'er a purer object meet:
Where it can have no other intercourſe,
There let it ſpend its vitiating force.
Let the baſe tenants of this wretch'd place,
Have proper emblems of their juſt diſgrace,
That, at one view, all may diſtinctly ſee,
'Twixt vice and virtue, the extreme degree.
Hence every youth a much leſs riſque ſhall run,
And hence leſs thoughtleſs virgins be undone;
Hence, foreigners, no more, the tale ſhall tell,
How lewdneſs in our ſtreets, and alleys dwell;
No more beſet with every nightly ſtrain,
(Thoſe apes of love, and harbingers of pain;)
Our ſex ſhall walk, nor like Palæmon prove,
The bitter produce of illegal love.
Palæmon was with every grace poſſeſt,
Alike in friendſhip and in love was bleſt;
Happy, as eaſy fortune could impart,
But happier much in his lov'd Myra's heart.
Myra, whoſe charms a monarch's throne might grace,
Whoſe form was lovely, as her matchleſs face;

* The good effects of which inſtitution are experienced in ſeveral parts of Italy and Holland.

With ſuch a perfect---ſuch a gentle ſoul,
As told each paſſion ſubject to controul;
Their loves, their cares, for ever did they blend,
Each was the dotard, and each was the friend;
One common intereſt occupied each mind,
Their only conteſt---who ſhould be moſt kind.

One night Palæmon, happy 'mongſt his friends,
(For who more fitted for convivial ends)
Whether to reaſon with a taſte refin'd,
And ſhew the various qualities of mind;
Or ſhape the tale, or ſing with ſprightly glee,
Or charm with wit, and friendly repartee.
This fatal night by too much friendſhip warm'd,
(Miſtaken name with every miſchief arm'd)
He liſten'd to the voice of mirth too long,
And drank too deeply 'midſt his joyous throng:
Diſcretion, which o'er all his actions reign'd,
And every conſequence at large explain'd,
Was now diſmiſs'd,---or proudly thrown aſide,
Whilſt Whim and Folly undertook to guide.

Companion'd thus, Palæmon ſallies forth,
Without the uſual guardian of his worth;
His heart expanded, every paſſion high,
Noiſe in his voice, intemperance in his eye:
A ſtagg'ring gait, and each exterior ſign,
That picture reaſon when abſorb'd in wine;
Awhile he ponder'd on his much lov'd home,
And nodding Reaſon whiſper'd--"not to roam."
But luſt, and wine, more powerful rivals far,
Now in his boſom wag'd united war;
'Till loſt to every thought of Myra's charms,
He fell a victim in a harlot's arms.

Oh!

Oh! hapleſs Myra---how can words explain
Thy every terror, and thy every pain?
How muſt it pierce humanity to hear
The pointed feelings which thy ſoul muſt bear,
As every tedious, painful hour's delay,
Proclaim'd the night's advances to the day;
Thinking each loitering moment, as it paſt,
Would bring thy wand'rer home, and be the laſt.
The laſt, indeed, it was for thy repoſe,
For from this night what numerous ills aroſe!
What, tho' his preſence wak'd thy every joy,
Too ſoon it brought its virulent alloy:
That colour which beſpoke nor ill, nor pain,
(Emblem of health, and all her jocund train)
Is now exchang'd for all thoſe pallid hues,
(Abominable enſigns of the Stews.)
The roſes too that fluſh'd in Myra's face,
Which ſpoke ſuch native innocence and grace,
Mark'd out each feature with ſuch juſt deſign,
And made the human ſo approach divine;
Ting'd by infection, by degrees grew pale,
And loudly told the melancholy tale.
Where are thoſe days, thoſe happy halcyon days,
That fill'd thy heart, Palæmon, with ſuch eaſe?
That every hour thou could'ſt ſo well employ,
Without one point of interrupted joy?
Alas! they're fled!---ſurrounded, now, with care,
And ev'ry funeral min'ſter of deſpair,
He ſits revolving o'er what he muſt prove
From that damn'd hour, in which he ſwerv'd from love.
Sedans and coaches rattle now around,
To Drury-lane---or Covent-Garden bound;

From either end, from City, and from Court,
In thronging multitudes they here reſort;
Shower'd o'er with powder, and bedaub'd with lace,
My Lord juſt iſſues from St. *James*'s *place*
To murder time, or maſſacre the ſpleen,
To loll---to chatter---ſee, or to be ſeen;
Here too the Cit---to calm domeſtic ſtriſe,
Smirks in the chariot by his half-pleas'd wife;
(That wife, whoſe ſoul's on public places bent,
That Cit who doats on nought, but *cent. per cent.*)
But other intereſts let thy mind engage,
And draw ſupplies of knowledge from the ſtage.
Oh! well-wrought ſcience, happily deſign'd,
To pleaſe the ſenſe, and humanize the mind;
In which mankind, as in a mirror, ſee,
What they have been, and what they ought to be.
See Heaven taught SHAKESPEARE, in the front appears,
(The brighteſt gem dramatic genius wears)
Adorn'd with all that Nature can beſtow,
He gives each heart the ſympathetic glow;
Led by her clue, he walks through all her round,
And ſhews her ſecrets on theatric ground;
Laughs, where ſhe laughs---but when to grief inclin'd,
Melt ev'ry paſſion of the human mind.
Oh! how ſhall words, immortal bard! diſplay
The warbling ſweetneſs of thy woodland lay?
Thy notes have reach'd ſuch heights unknown before,
That praiſe grows giddy, when ſhe would explore.
Otway, and Rowe, in their pathetic page,
By turns have warm'd, and taught a vicious age;
What virgin can Monimia's fate bemoan,
But muſt, with double caution, guard her own?

Or, where's th' impaſſion'd youth, who thinks at all,
But ſees Lothario unlamented fall?
Endu'd with wit, with mimicry, and ſong
The comic muſe aſſociates in the throng;
Upheld by Congreve, Cibber, Steele, and Gay,
She laughs, and chaces every care away;
The rod, or wreath, alternately does uſe,
Now a ſatyric, now a ſoothing muſe;
Diſpenſing humour, when diſpenſing ſmart,
And, whilſt ſhe freely probes, corrects the heart.
Nor think the price you diſſipate on plays,
Incurs the cenſure of theſe frugal lays;
Full well 'tis known, without ſome point of joy,
The wearied mind's too often apt to cloy,
And wants ſome intervention to amuſe---
What then ſo fit as the theatric muſe;
Where from her ſcenes the breaſt is taught to glow,
And catch the powerful luxury of woe?
At other times, when gloomy thoughts take birth,
Then ſhould we chuſe to ſacrifice to mirth;
Puſh back th' intruding moment of our care,
And to ſome noted Porter-houſe repair.
The ſeveral ſtreets, or one or more can claim,
Alike in goodneſs, and alike in fame;
The Strand, her *Spreading-eagle* juſtly boaſts,
And Maiden-lane exhibits her *Blue-poſts*:
Nor think the *Cock* with theſe not on a par,
The celebrated *Cock* of Temple-bar,
Whoſe Porter beſt of all beſpeaks its praiſe---
Porter that's worthy of the poet's lays.
From ſuch like places often will you find
A cheap reſource to entertain the mind;

To laugh at folly---from defects grow wiſe,
" And catch the manners living, as they riſe."
Here the ſnug Cit, each night involv'd in ſmoke,
By turns, or tells his tale, or cracks his joke;
Now on the *colonies* profoundly treats,
And from the daily-prints at large repeats:
Or with a down-caſt face, and plodding eye,
He ſhews the cauſe proviſions are ſo high;
Gives that opinion which protects his trade,
Then wonders how imperfect laws are made.
With recent feats of heroiſm fir'd,
A ſon of Mars, ſee from the wars retir'd.
Now he expatiates over battles won,
Of plunder'd provinces, and towns undone,
In his ſpill'd porter, martial lines advance
'Gainſt the united pow'rs, of Spain, and France;
Here ſuch a wing, the brunt of battle bore;
And here a ſquadron welt'ring in its gore.
Or, if his honour ſhould a ſiege deſcribe,
And all the hardſhips of the warring tribe;
With bread and cheeſe, a parapet he rears,
Whilſt broken pipe-ſtems cannonade by tiers.
What different modes the lawyer takes to pleaſe!
He fights his battles o'er, with much more eaſe:
His cannon's, parchment; and his ſword--a pen
Drawn againſt general property---not men;
Mark him with what ſignificance of face,
He tells each ſtory---as he ſtates a caſe;
Now he demurs---or now he backs a cauſe,
And ſeems a mere epitome of laws.
But ſee, in yonder box, where ſits apart
One, whoſe deportment marks an honeſt heart,

Whoſe eyes the feelings of his ſoul expreſs---
Alas! 'tis MERIT, in a thread-bare dreſs:
He ſeems, as if revolving in his mind,
On better days which time has thrown behind;
Perhaps juſt parted from a much lov'd wife,
From whence ſprang every comfort of his life,
Whoſe eye ne'er met him with a diſtant air,
But ſhar'd each tranſport, as ſhe ſooth'd each care;
Or what ſtill more might aggravate the caſe,
He left behind a little prattling race,
As yet unnurs'd---untaught in wiſdom's page,
Open to all the vices of the age,
Whilſt he unfriended breaths a foreign air,
Haunted by every Dæmon of deſpair.
Oh! what avails thy every excellence,
To pleaſe with humour, and prevail with ſenſe;
Thy various powers to ſerve each ſocial end
Of father, huſband, counſellor, and friend;
Thy perverſe ſtars of a malignant kind
Mar every honeſt purpoſe of thy mind!
So many a work of nature---finely wrought,
As if by every finiſh'd force of thought,
Unſtoried, and unſung, neglected lies
A ſpectacle alone for vulgar eyes.
And now the Muſe--(abſtracted from renown,)
Hath fearleſs trod the mazes of the town;
Explain'd with all, yet with her little art,
Some modes to *live*, and ſome to guard the heart.
O ye aſſociate frugals! O my friends!
Ev'n on this ſtate what happineſs depends?
What tho' thy fortunes interdict to go
The ſprightly rounds of *Almack*'s and *Soho*;

What, tho', regardleſs of ſuch dear bought fame,
The *Roſe* and *Shakeſpeare* never knew thy name,
Yet ſtill thou can'ſt thy landlord's threats defy,
Nor mind the lowunging bailiff's watchful eye;
Walk where you pleaſe, regardleſs to be met,
Free from thoſe painful miſeries of debt.

Long has ſhe viewed in this alluring place,
Where Luxury receives each poliſh'd grace,
Where force of faſhion glare of vice unite,
To rouſe the ſenſe, and captivate the ſight;
Where Pleaſure ſpreads her every ſilken charm,
The gay to lull---th' inſenſible to warm,
What crowds, on ſuch a ſea of folly toſt,
Before they come to think are daily loſt!
As ſome prevention then, ſhe this beſtows,
And freely gives advice on what ſhe knows;
By it ſhe courts no tribute of applauſe,
But that of writing in a public cauſe;
Conſcious of this, looks for no other fame,
Alike indifferent, or to praiſe, or blame.

11 : 7 : 49

FINIS.